Guillaume
APOLLINAIRE

Memoirs of a Young Rakehell

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Guillame Apollinaire

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CHAPTER ONE

SUMMER WAS BACK AGAIN; my mother had returned to the country, to the estate which we had acquired only recently.

My father, engrossed in his business, had remained in the city. He regretted having purchased this estate which he had acquired at my mother's insistence.

"You're the one who wanted this country house," he said. "Go out there if you wish but don't force me to go. Besides, my dear Anna, you can rest assured that I'm going to resell it at the first opportunity."

"But, dear," said my mother, "you have no idea how much good the country air will do the children…"

"Yes, yes, I know," replied my father, consulting his notebook and taking his hat, "I gave way to your whim but I was wrong."

So my mother left for her *campagne,* as she put it, intending to make the most of what might prove to be a short stay.

She was accompanied by a younger, still unmarried sister, a maid, by myself, her only son, and by one of my sisters who was a year older than I.

We arrived in the best of spirits at the country house, which the people of that district had nicknamed *Le Chateau.*

Le Chateau, which was an old dwelling no doubt dating from the 17th century, had once belonged to wealthy farmers.

The interior was spacious but the arrangement of the rooms was so extraordinary that the house was really rather inconvenient to live in, with numerous wasted steps occasioned by the architectural disorder. The rooms were not disposed as in ordinary houses, but were separated by a mass of dark passages, winding corridors, spiral staircases. In short, the place was a veritable labyrinth and it took several days of exploring the house before one had any real notion of the layout of the apartments.

The outbuildings, where the farm and stables were located, were separated from the main house by a courtyard. Adjoining these buildings was a chapel which could be entered as easily from courtyard, main house, or outbuilding.

This chapel was in a good state of repair. Formerly a monk had officiated there. He had lived in the chateau and administered to the spiritual needs of the little village round about.

Since the last one died, the office had never been filled again, and only on Sundays and Feastdays, as well as from time to time to hear confessions, did a chaplain from the neighboring monastery come to our chapel to conduct those services indispensable for the eternal salvation of the worthy peasants.

When the monk came, he inevitably stayed to dinner, and a room was prepared for him near the chapel in case he cared to spend the night there.

My mother, my aunt, and the maid, Kate, were busy getting the room ready; the bailiff, the farm valet, and a servant were helping them.

Since the harvest was already almost completely in, my sister and I were permitted to go for walks where we pleased. We rambled throughout the chateau, through all its nooks and crannies, from cellar to roof. We played hide and seek around the columns, or else one of us, taking refuge behind a staircase, lay in ambush for the other to pass, then sprang out with a blood-curdling shriek.

The wooden staircase leading to the attic was very steep. One day I had preceded Berthe down and hidden myself between two chimney flues where, in contrast to the staircase which was lighted by a skylight in the roof, it was very dark. When she appeared, coming down cautiously, I sprang out, imitating the barking of a ferocious dog. Berthe, who had not suspected I was there, was so frightened that she slipped, missed the next stair down, and fell so that her head was at the bottom of the staircase while her legs remained above on the steps.

Her dress was naturally umbrellaed upward until it covered her face, leaving her legs exposed.

When I approached her, laughing, I noticed that her blouse had slipped up above her navel.

Berthe was not wearing any panties, because, as she told me later, hers were dirty, and we had not yet had time to unpack the linen.

So it was that for the first time I saw my sister in an immodest state.

To tell me truth I had already seen her naked because we had often been bathed together during the past few years. But I had seen only the backside of her body, or at most the side, because both my mother and my aunt had placed us back to back with our little buttocks toward each other as they washed us. Both ladies took good care to see that I didn't peep, and when they handed us our little nightgowns, they bade us *place our hands carefully in front of us.*

So it was that Kate, one day when she had taken my aunt's place in giving Berthe her bath, had been scolded for forgetting to bid Berthe *put her hands in front of her.*

I was always bathed either by my mother or by my aunt. When I was in the large bathtub I was told, "All right, Roger, now you can remove your hand." And as you can well imagine, it was always one of them who soaped and scrubbed me.

My mother, who believed in me principle that children should be

treated as children as long as possible, had kept this system in practice.

At that time I was thirteen years old and my sister Berthe fourteen. I knew nothing at all about love nor even about the difference between sexes.

But when I felt myself naked in front of women, when I felt their soft, feminine hands wandering here and there over my body, I experienced a curious sensation.

I remember very well that every time my aunt Margaret washed and dried my sexual parts I was conscious of an unfamiliar, vague, but extremely agreeable sensation. I noticed that my little penis suddenly became as stiff as steel, and that instead of drooping as before, it reared its head. Instinctively I drew closer to my aunt and pushed and thrust my belly forward as far as I could. One day when this happened, my aunt Margaret blushed suddenly, and that made her delicate features even more beautiful. She had noticed that my little knob was erect, and, feigning ignorance, beckoned to my mother who was bathing her feet with us. Kate was then busy washing Berthe, but she, too, immediately became attentive. As a matter of fact I had noticed that she much preferred to take charge of me than of my sister, and that she never missed an opportunity of helping my mother and aunt when they attended to me. Now she too wanted to see what was going on.

She turned her head and looked at me without the least constraint while my aunt and my mother exchanged significant glances.

My mother was in petticoats, and had tucked them up above her knees so that she could cut her toenails more easily. I had caught a glimpse of her pretty, plump feet, her beautiful nervous calves, and her round white knees. The sight of my mother's legs had affected my virility as much as had my aunt's caresses. My mother probably realized this, because she blushed and let her petticoats tumble down.

The ladies smiled and Kate began to laugh, until she was stopped by the disapproving glances of my aunt and mother. But she tried to justify herself by saying: "Berthe also laughs when I come to that spot with a warm sponge." My mother ordered her to hold her tongue.

At that very moment the bathroom door opened, and my elder sister Elizabeth came in. She was fifteen years old and went to high school.

Although my aunt had adroitly thrown a shirt over my bare body, Elizabeth had time to see me, and that irritated me no end. For although I was not at all ashamed in front of Berthe, I didn't like Elizabeth seeing me naked, because for four years now she had no longer taken her bath with us, but bathed either with the ladies or with Kate.

I was vaguely annoyed that all the women of the household had the right to come into the bathroom when I was there, whereas this same right was denied me. And I found it absolutely outrageous that I was denied entry even when only my sister Elizabeth was being bathe, for I saw no earthly reason why she should be treated any differently from us in spite of her young lady's affectations.

Berthe herself was incensed by Elizabeth's unjust pretensions, for Elizabeth had one day refused to undress in front of her, and yet did not hesitate to do so when my aunt and my mother were alone with her in the bathroom.

We could not understand such behavior, which actually stemmed from the fact that Elizabeth had reached the age of puberty. Her hips were rounded, her nipples were beginning to swell, and, as I learned later, the first pubic hair had appeared on her mound.

That day Berthe had merely heard my mother say to my aunt as they were leaving the bathroom, "With Elizabeth it came on surprisingly early."

"Yes, mine was a year later."

"And mine two years later."

"We'll have to give her a bedroom to herself now."

"She can share mine," my aunt had replied.

Berthe had related all this to me, and naturally understood as little about it as I did.

But on that particular occasion, as soon as my sister Elizabeth had come in and seen me completely naked with my little prick standing as stiff as an angry little cock, I noticed that her gaze was riveted on that spot, and that she could not conceal a movement of profound astonishment. But she did not drop her eyes. On the contrary.

When my mother asked her suddenly if she too would like to take a bath, she blushed and stammered, "Yes, Mama."

"Roger and Berthe have already finished theirs," my mother said, "you can get undressed."

Elizabeth obeyed without hesitation and stripped down to her chemise. I had just time enough to see that she was more developed than Berthe, but that was all before they hustled me out of the bathroom.

After that I was no longer bathed with Berthe. Either my aunt Margaret or my mother was still present, because ever since my mother had read somewhere of a child's having drowned in his bath she had been morbidly afraid to let me bathe alone. But the ladies, though they continued to wash the rest of my body, henceforth refrained from touching my tool or ballbearings. Nevertheless there were still times when I got an erection in front of my mother or aunt Margaret. The ladies noticed it all right, although my mother turned

her head away when she lifted me out of the tub and helped me on with my nightshirt, and my aunt dropped her gaze to the floor.

My aunt Margaret was twenty-six, ten years younger than my mother, but since she had always refrained from giving her heart away, she bore her age extremely well and appeared to be a young girl. My nakedness seemed to make quite an impression on her, for each time she bathed me she spoke to me in a soft flutey voice.

Once when she had soaped and rinsed me vigorously her hand brushed my little cock. She recoiled as though she had touched a snake. I noticed it and, slightly peeved, said to her, "Dearest darling auntie, why don't you wash your little Roger all over?"

She blushed deeply. "But I *did* wash you all over," she said to me nervously.

"Come now auntie, wash my prickly pear as well."

"For shame, you wicked little boy! You are perfectly capable of washing it yourself."

"No auntie, please, you wash it. I can't do it nearly as well as you can."

"Oh the little rascal!" said my aunt, smiling. And taking the sponge she carefully washed my prick and balls.

"Come, auntie dear, let me give you a great big kiss for being so sweet," I said.

And I kissed her pretty cherry-red lips behind which sparkled her beautifully white teeth.

As soon as I was out of the bathtub I beseeched her to dry me.

So my aunt dried me, lingering perhaps even longer than was necessary over my sensitive parts. This so excited me that, holding fast to the edge of the bathtub in order to protrude my belly even farther, I became so agitated that my aunt told me gently, "That's enough, Roger, you're no longer a little boy. From now on you'll take your bath alone."

"Oh no, auntie, please not alone! You must bathe me. I enjoy it ever so much more when you bathe me than when Mama does it."

"Get dressed, Roger."

"Be a nice auntie and take a bath with me some time."

"Get dressed, Roger," she said, moving to the window.

"No! I want to see you take a bath too," I said.

"Roger!"

"Auntie, if you don't I'll tell Daddy that you've taken my knob in your mouth again."

My aunt blushed deeply. As a matter of fact she really had done that, but only for a second, one day when I had not wanted to take my bath. The water had been too cold and I'd run off to my room to hide. My aunt had come looking for me and at length had taken my little

penis in her mouth, squeezing it between her lips for a second. I had enjoyed it so much that I had finally relented and become docile as a lamb.

Besides, in a similar circumstance my mother had done the same, and I know many instances of this practice. Women who bathe little boys often do it. For them the effect is the same as that produced for us when, as men, we see and touch a young girl's tender crevice, but women know better than men how to vary their pleasures.

During my earliest years I had an elderly child's nurse who tickled my tiddley and balls when I couldn't get to sleep or even gently sucked at it. I even remember that one day she placed me on her warm belly and kept me there for a long time. But as all that happened so long ago I remember it only vaguely.

As soon as my aunt had recovered her composure she said to me angrily, "That was only a joke, Roger, and you were only a little boy then. But I see that it's impossible to joke with you any longer, you're a man now." And she glanced again at my erection. "What's more, you're a wicked little scamp, I don't love you any more." And so saying she gave my cock a little slap.

Then she began to leave and I held her back, saying: "Excuse me, auntie dear, I won't say anything to anyone even if you get into the bathtub."

"I suppose I can do that at least," she said smiling. She slipped her bare feet out of her red slippers, pulled her dressing gown above her knees and climbed into the bath. The water reached the top of her calves.

"Now I've done what you asked, Roger, be good and get dressed like a nice boy or else I'll never look at you again."

She said it with such conviction that I realized she meant it. By then I no longer had a hard on. I took my nightshirt and slipped into it while my aunt was bathing her feet. But then, so that I wouldn't make any further demands on her, she announced that she wasn't feeling well and that she wouldn't take a bath after all.

When I was dressed she got out of the tub to dry herself. The towel, the same one which I had used, was wet. I got down on my knees and wiped my aunt's dainty feet. She made no protest. When I wiped between her toes she laughed and when I touched and tickled the soles of her feet her good humor returned completely and she agreed to let me dry her calves.

When I reached her knees, however, she told me not to go any higher. I obeyed, although for a long time I had had a burning desire to know just what it was that women carried beneath their skirts which was so precious that they were always frantic to hide it.

My aunt and I were friends once again but from then on I bathed

alone.

My mother no doubt learned these things from my aunt but she never gave me any indication of it.

Now it is time to turn aside from these observations, which were necessary for what is to follow, and to return to pick up the thread of our story.

CHAPTER TWO

MY SISTER HAD FALLEN to the foot of the stairs and was lying with her skirts all topsy-turvy. Even when she saw me standing right beside her, she made no effort to get up.

It was as though, from fear and the shock of her fall, she had been struck by lightning. Thinking she was merely trying to frighten me, I let my curiosity get the better of any feelings of pity I might otherwise have had.

My eyes were riveted on her nakedness. Where the lower part of her belly joined her thighs, I saw a peculiar elevation in the form of a fleshy triangular mound, on which a few blond hairs were visible. Approximately where the thighs joined I noticed that the mound was cleft by a large crevice about an inch and a half long, on either side of which two lips opened left and right. I glimpsed the spot where that cleft came to an end just as my sister started to scramble to her feet.

She probably had not had the faintest notion that she was lying so exposed, for otherwise she would immediately have arranged her clothes. But suddenly, as she drew her feet down beneath her, her thighs spread and I noticed that the lips, only part of which I had seen when the thighs had been closed, continued until they came together near the buttocks.

During this quick movement of her legs she had half-opened her slit, which at that time must have been from three to three and a half inches long, and I was able to see that the flesh inside was red, in contrast to the milk whiteness of me rest of her body.

Only one spot between her thighs, near the lips, was slightly red. But that pale red had doubtless been caused by sweat and piss.

The width of a few fingers separated her cunt, whose form resembled the split in an apricot, from her buttocks. There in all its splendor lay Berthe's pot-hole, which I glimpsed when she turned her back to me as she was getting up. The hole, of a darker color, was no larger than the tip of my finger. Between her cheeks the skin was slightly reddened by the sweat which the day's heat had provoked.

My curiosity had been so aroused that I had not realized how badly my sister must have hurt herself in falling, but finally awakening to that possibility, I flew to her rescue. That whole scene had certainly not lasted for more than a minute. I helped Berthe to her feet. She was unsteady on her pins and complained of a headache.

There was of course an ample supply of cold water in the courtyard well, but had we gone there we would certainly have been spotted and called to account, with the result that all further excursions throughout the chateau would have been forbidden us. So I

suggested that we go to the little pond at the end of the garden which we had one day espied from the rooftop.

Upon reaching this spot we found, almost hidden among dense undergrowth, some artificial rocks, where a spring flowed into the pond.

Berthe sat down on a stone bench. I made some compresses with our handkerchiefs. She was slightly overheated and out of breath. But it was well before noon, and at the end of half an hour she was feeling much better, although she still sported an impressive lump on her head. Fortunately, however, her hair concealed it.

During that half hour I had catalogued all I had just seen, and fully enjoyed letting my mind linger over these new discoveries. But I had no idea how, in the light of them, I should act with Berthe.

Finally I decided what I should do: while Berthe had been lying there naked I had noticed that under her feathery bush she had a beauty spot at the point where her cunt ended.

It so happened that I had one too, in exactly the same place, just behind my balls.

My mother and aunt had one day looked at it laughingly, and I had never understood why.

Later I had examined my buttocks in the mirror and discovered it.

When I told Berthe about it she appeared surprised and blushed profusely. At first she pretended not to understand, and when I carefully described its position to her, stretching out on the ground with my legs spread to show her how I had happened to see it, she became horribly embarrassed.

I had to make sure that we were alone in the garden. The surrounding vegetation was high enough to hide us from any distant eye, and we could easily see if anyone were approaching.

I unbuttoned my suspenders and, letting fall my light summer trousers, lay down on my back directly in front of my sister.

"Oh, goodness, Roger, if anyone were to see you!" she said half-aloud, without, however, shifting her gaze.

"There's nobody around here, Berthe," I replied in the same half-hushed tone. Then, getting up, I stood in front of her, lifted my shirt and said: "Since I saw all of you, you can see all of me."

Berthe's curiosity was aroused, and she looked at me without constraint. Her gaze was beginning to affect me; my member began to stir, then rose and, stiffening, bared its head.

"You see, Berthe, I piss out of that little hole, but now I can't, even though I want to."

"I've had to go for a long time," she said softly, "but I'm ashamed to. Don't look at me, Roger."

"Now, Berthe, don't be such a prissy. If you hold it too long your

bladder will burst and you'll die. That's what our old nurse used to say."

Berthe got up, glanced all round, then squatted beside the bench and began to piss. I bent down quickly so as not to miss a trick, and saw a thin but steady stream spurting from the top of her cleft and falling obliquely to the ground.

"No, Roger!" she said tearfully, "that's not nice."

She finished pissing and stood up.

"But Berthe, nobody can see us," I protested, "don't be like that."

I smiled and added, "Look at me, I'm not shy in front of you." I began to piss, but in jerks, because my member was still stiff. Berthe burst out laughing. Taking advantage of her good mood, I deftly raised her skirts, forced her to squat and made her piss.

She no longer resisted, but spread her legs and bent forward slightly. I saw the stream which fell to the ground with a splash, before it slackened off. My sister seemed to be forcing at the end, and her crevice opened near the top, revealing the red flesh.

All this lasted only a few seconds. The stream had dried to a mere dribble.

Suddenly I seized the lips of her Lady Jane and drew them apart. She seemed to enjoy it immensely, for otherwise she would never have lifted her skirts so obligingly.

In so doing, I discovered that her crack, which might be compared to a half opened mussel, contained two additional lips, smaller than the outside ones. These inner lips, a beautiful red, were shut tight. At the top was the little hole through which she had just peepeed. A little jut of flesh the size of a pea was also visible. I touched it and found it to be extremely hard.

My caresses seemed to please my sister, for she remained motionless, pushing her belly out slightly.

She became very excited and lifted her skirt even higher, to above her navel. Then I caressed her belly, moving my hands exploringly across her flesh. I tickled her navel and tongued around it. Then I moved off to get a better view, and saw for the first time the lovely down adorning her soft rectangular mound.

The hair was sparse, short and downy, so blond that one would really have had to be close to see it. Not that I had much more myself, but mine was darker.

I twisted the hair a bit and told Berthe how surprised I was to find that the color of our pubic hair was so different.

"It's always like that," she replied.

"How do you know?"

"Kate told me so once when we were alone in the bath. Besides, I'm going to have my periods soon."

"What are they?"

"There's a flow of blood every month for several days from your Lady Jane. Kate had her periods and hair when she was my age."

"Does she have hair like yours?"

"Don't be silly!" Berthe said with evident superiority. And letting her clothes fall back into place she added:

"Kate has red hair and mine is blond. She uses oil on her head to make her hair seem darker. Besides, she has so much hair down below that you can only see her thingamajig if she spreads her legs apart."

While Berthe had been saying all this my member had unstiffened.

Berthe noticed it and said:

"You see, your tiddley has shrunk again. Kate told me all about it one day when I asked her why she had laughed in the bathroom. She told me that Roger's member had stood up straight like a man's. As a matter of fact, she says that it's pretty big. If he were a man, she said, I'd let him stick me. Watch your step that he doesn't try to stick you, Berthe."

"What's that mean, to stick someone?"

"Well, you know, when two people stroke each other. Kate's already done it to me, and she made me do it to her too. I enjoy what she does much more than what you did to me just now. She always wets her finger.

"She made me use my thumb, because it seems that that's the finger which goes in the farthest. So I moved it back and forth as fast as I could and she loved it. She did it to me and I loved it too, but the first time she made me do it to her she scared me 'most to death. She began to sigh and pant, and then when she started to shout and shake allover I thought I'd hurt her and was going to stop. But she said, 'No, Berthe, don't stop.' and became ever so excited and cried out, 'Oh, Berthe, it's coming, oh, oh, oh!…"

"And then she fell back on the bed as though she had fainted. When I took my finger out of her crack it was covered with something gluey. She made me wash and promised to make me come when I was a little older and had hair on my mound."

A thousand thoughts raced across my mind. I had a hundred questions I wanted to ask, for there was much of all this that I didn't quite understand.

Who knows what might have happened if the dinner bell had not rung. I cast a final glance at Berthe's treasures, and showed her mine. Then we both set our clothes in order and kissed, promising, on our word of honor, to say nothing to anyone of what had transpired between us. We were on the point of leaving when the sound of voices detained us.

CHAPTER THREE

BUT THEN WE REALIZED that the bell which had just rung was not for us, but to call the servants to lunch. And since we were respectable, we were in no special hurry to leave, since anyone coming upon us there would have had absolutely no inkling of what we had just been doing.

The noise we had heard close by had come from beyond the garden. We soon saw that the voices belonged to some servant girls who had been working in the fields directly behind the garden. But since the servants' lunch began only fifteen minutes after the first bell, we could watch their sport.

It had rained the night before. The freshly plowed earth clung to the girls' feet, and their skirts – in truth they each appeared to be wearing only one – were extremely short, reaching barely to their knees. They were not extraordinarily pretty, but they were nevertheless sturdy sun-tanned peasant girls, whose ages ranged between 20 and 30.

When they reached the spring they sat down on the grass along the bank on the stream and dipped their feet into the water.

As they bathed their feet they set to chattering like a flock of magpies.

They were directly in front of us and not 30 feet away. The contrast between their bronzed calves and white knees was clearly visible, and in some cases even the hint of the thighs.

Berthe did not seem to be enjoying this spectacle in the least, and began tugging on my arm for us to leave.

But then we heard footsteps close by and saw three hired men approaching along a little path which ran beside our hiding place.

Some of the girls set to arranging their clothes when they saw the men approaching, and in particular one girl whose coal-black hair and clear gray roguish eyes led one to believe that she was of Spanish descent.

The first of the hirelings, a dull-looking clod, took no notice of the women's presence and, standing directly in front of our hiding place, unbuttoned his trousers to pee.

He took out his member, which looked much the same as mine, except that his glans was completely hidden. He uncovered it to piss. He had lifted his shirt-tail so high that the hair surrounding his genitals was visible. He had also pulled his balls out of his trousers and was scratching them with his left hand while holding his member in his right.

I was as bored by all this as Berthe had apparently been when I

had pointed out the peasant girls' calves to her, but now she was all eyes. The girls pretended not to notice him. The second hired man likewise unbuttoned his trousers and brought forth a prick which was smaller than his companion's, but brown and half-uncovered. He began to piss. At that the girls all burst out laughing, and their shrieks grew even more hilarious when the third also assumed the position.

By this time the first fellow had finished. He uncovered his prick completely, and shaking off the last bit of dew, bent his knees slightly to replace the package in his pants. In so doing he let fly a clear, emphatic fart and gave a deep sigh of satisfaction which set the girls to laughing even more.

The hilarity increased when they noticed the third fellow's joy-stick.

He had placed himself on a slope, so that we could see both his member and the peasant girls seated beyond.

He raised it skyward and sent his fountain arching high. The girls' laughter reached a new pitch. Then the men approached the maids, and one of the latter began to splash water playfully on the stupid-looking hired man. The third man remarked to the brunette who, upon seeing the men arrive, had settled her skirts:

"A lot of good it does you to hide it, Ursula. I've already seen that article you hold so dear."

"There's plenty of things you haven't seen yet, Valentin! And a lot you'll never see," Ursula replied coquettishly.

"Oh you think so, do you?" said Valentin, who was now standing directly behind her.

And seizing her shoulders he forced her backward to the ground. She tried to remove her feet from the water, but neglected to keep her light skirt and blouse from billowing upward, so that she wound up in the same position as my sister had been in a little while before. Unfortunately, this enjoyable spectacle lasted only a few seconds.

But it had nevertheless lasted long enough for me to see that Ursula, who had already shown herself to be the proud owner of a pair of splendid calves, also possessed a pair of thighs which in themselves were worthy of the highest honors, and buttocks whose cheeks left absolutely nothing to be desired.

Between her thighs, at the bottom of her belly, lay a bush of dark hair which extended far enough to envelop both pretty lips of her cunt. But there the hair was more sparsely scattered than above, where it covered an area whose dimensions my hand would scarcely have sufficed to cover.

"You see, Ursula," said Valentin, by now quite excited, "now I've seen your black marmot."

And without flinching he took the series of blows and insults

which the girl, now really angry, rained upon him.

The second hireling wanted to pull the same stunt with another of the girls as Valentin had tried with Ursula. This second peasant girl was fairly pretty. Her face, neck and arms were so covered with freckles that it was almost impossible to distinguish the real color of her skin. Her legs were also freckled, but the freckles there were larger and more dispersed. She had an intelligent look about her; her eyes were a deep brown, her hair red and crinkly. She wasn't really pretty, but nevertheless a tempting enough morsel to give a man ideas. And the hired man Michel seemed to have a few. "Helen," he said, "you should have a red mound. If it proves to be black, that means you've stolen it somewhere."

"Dirty dog!" spat the lovely peasant girl. He grabbed her as Valentin had done.

But she had had time to get to her feet, and instead of getting a glimpse of her pretty mound, Michel received such a storm of blows full in the face that he must have seen all the planets and half the stars.

The other two girls joined in the fracas and began to pummel him.

But at last he broke away and, pursued by the three girls' mocking laughter, ran to catch up with his companions.

The girls had finished bathing their feet and had left. Only Ursula and Helen remained, and they were getting ready to go.

They were whispering together. Ursula burst out laughing and, wrinkling her forehead, made a wry face. Helen was looking at her and nodding her head in assent.

The former seemed to be thinking over what Helen had told her. Helen shot a glance around her to make sure that everyone had left, then quickly lifted her skirts in front and, holding them high with her left hand, slipped her right hand between her thighs at the spot where one could see the forest of red hair. By the movement of the hair, which was much thicker than Ursula's, one could see that she was squeezing her love lips between her fingers. Ursula was watching her intently. Suddenly a stream shot forth from the bush; instead of failing straight to the ground, it arched and described a half circle in the air. Both Berthe and I were astonished to see it, for neither of us had ever imagined that women could piss like that.

Ursula likewise seemed surprised, and apparently wanted to try it herself, but she gave up the idea, for just then the second and last bell for lunch rang, and the two girls set off posthaste.

CHAPTER FOUR

WHEN BERTHE AND I RETURNED to the chateau we found the table already laid. But my mother and my aunt had not quite finished arranging the dining-room. While Berthe was helping them I picked up the newspaper which my father had forwarded us, and read a short article which related how a Mr. X… had raped a Miss A… I looked up the meaning of the word "rape" in the dictionary, and found: "to deflower." Which didn't help matters much, although it gave me another subject for thought.

At table Berthe and I, contrary to our wont, did not exchange a single word. My aunt and mother were surprised by our silence, but the latter concluded merely: "They've probably been fighting again." It seemed wiser to us to conceal our new-found intimacy beneath the factitious veil of spite.

My mother explained how she had arranged the rooms for my father and herself, and for my aunt. Their rooms were on the first floor, along with Berthe's and Kate's. Mine was on the ground floor, behind the stairway leading to the library. After lunch I went up to the library to look around. It contained an impressive number of old books, and a smattering of modern works.

The room prepared for the friar was right next to the library. It was separated from the chapel by a corridor. The chapel contained two large stalls set near the altar, where the former proprietors had sat at mass. Behind one of these stalls was the master's confessional, whereas the servants' confessional was tucked at the far end of the chapel.

I had time to note all these details after dinner, since Berthe had been called to help the ladies, and I had scarcely had time to give her a stealthy kiss when I had gone out to see if I could be of any help.

Several days passed without anything noteworthy happening.

Berthe was still kept busy by the ladies, who had not yet finished getting the house into order.

Since the weather had turned bad, I spent most of my time in the library, where I had been pleasantly surprised to come across an anatomic atlas in which I found an illustrated description of the intimate parts of both sexes. The book also contained an explanation of pregnancy and of all the phases of maternity, none of which I had known before.

This last interested me especially because the bailiff's wife was then pregnant, and the sight of her enormous belly had greatly aroused my curiosity.

I once had heard her discussing the matter with her husband.

Their quarters were on the ground floor right next to mine, near the garden.

Needless to say, the events of that memorable day, when I had seen my sister naked, and afterward the sport of the peasant girls and men, had been constantly with me. My mind returned to them again and again, with the result that I had an erection most of the time. I frequently examined and played with my member. The pleasure I felt when handling it incited me to continue.

In bed I amused myself by lying on my belly and rubbing myself against the sheets. My feelings grew more and more sensitive every day. A week passed in this way.

One day when I was sitting in the old leather chair in the library, the atlas open in front of me to the page describing the female genital organs, I had such an erection that I unbuttoned my trousers and took out my prick. From constant rubbing it now uncovered easily. I was as a matter of fact sixteen by now, and considered myself a man. My hair had grown thicker and resembled a handsome mustache. That particular day I felt such a profound and unaccustomed voluptuousness as I rubbed it that my breathing grew short. I tightened the grip on my member, loosened it, stroking back and forth. I uncovered the tip completely, tickled my balls and my arsehole, then examined my glans, which was deep red in color and as shiny as lacquer.

The pleasure I felt was beyond words. I ended up by discovering the rules for the fine art of masturbation, and stroked my dick regularly and rhythmically, until finally something about which I had previously been unaware happened.

The feeling was so voluptuous that I was led to stretch my legs out in front of me and push against the legs of the table. My body slipped down and was pressing against the back of the chair.

I felt the blood surging into my face. My breathing was becoming difficult. I closed my eyes; my mouth dropped slightly open. A thousand thoughts raced through my mind in the space of a minute.

My aunt, in front of whom I had stood naked; my sister, whose pretty little pussy I had explored; the powerful thighs of the two maids: all these images flew across my mind. My hand stroked my prick faster and faster. An electric shock coursed through my body.

My aunt! Berthe! Ursula! Helen…! I felt my member swell, and from the dark red glans gushed forth a whitish liquid, first with a powerful spurt, then in a series of less potent jets. I had just discharged for the first time.

My tool fell limp. I now looked with interest and curiosity at the sperm which had spilled into my right palm. It both looked and smelled like the white of an egg, and had the consistency of glue. I

licked it and found it to taste like a raw egg. I shook off the last few drops clinging to the tip of my member, which was now completely subdued, and wiped it on my shirt.

From what I had previously read, I knew that I had just given myself up to the pleasures of onanism. I looked the word up in the dictionary, and found a long article on the subject, in such detail that anyone who had not previously been aware of the practice would inevitably have been fully enlightened.

The article had once again excited me. The fatigue resulting from my first ejaculation was past. The only tangible evidence of my act was a devouring appetite. At table my aunt and mother remarked upon my appetite, but dismissed it as merely due to growth.

I soon came to realize that onanism is like drink: the more you indulge, the more you want…

My prick was constantly hard, and my thoughts increasingly voluptuous, but the pleasures of Onan could not satisfy me forever. I thought more and more about the opposite sex; it seemed a shame for me to waste my sperm masturbating.

My tool became darker, my pubic hair a handsome beard, my voice deepened, and a few microscopic hairs appeared on my upper lip. I realized that I lacked only one experience of manhood: *coitus*, which is the term by which the books designate that act which I had never as yet tried.

All the women of the household noticed the changes that had taken place in me, and I was no longer treated as a child.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE FEAST DAY of the chateau's patron saint was at hand. It was the occasion for a major celebration, which was to be preceded by the confession of all members of the household.

Both my aunt and mother had decided to go to confession, and the others intended to follow their example.

I had succeeded in feigning illness, and had kept to my room since the previous evening in order to avoid arousing anyone's suspicions. The Capuchin friar had arrived and had dinner with us. Coffee had been served in the garden, and after Kate had finished clearing the table, I found myself alone. Since time was weighing heavy on my hands, I wandered into the library, where I chanced upon a hidden door that I had never noticed before. It gave on to a dark and narrow concealed staircase which was lighted only by a small circular window at the end of the upstairs corridor.

The staircase led to the chapel, and from behind the locked door, which was rusted from long years of disuse, drifted the voice of the friar. He was telling my mother that he would hear her confession on the following day in the same place.

The confessional was set against a wooden partition, through which every word could be distinctly heard. So it seemed to me that here would be an ideal vantage point from which to eavesdrop.

I was of the opinion that this stairway must have been installed in years past by some jealous lord desirous of listening to his wife's confessions.

The next day, after my morning coffee, the bailiff's wife came in to clean up my room.

I've already mentioned that she was pregnant, and I carefully studied the enormous contour of her belly, and the unusual size of her nipples which bounced to and fro beneath her light blouse.

She was a pleasant looking woman with pretty features. Until the bailiff had put her in the family way she had been one of the chateau's maids.

I had already seen women's breasts in pictures and on statues, but never in the flesh.

The bailiff's wife was in a great hurry. She had buttoned only one of her blouse buttons. When she leaned over to straighten my bed, this solitary button came undone, and I saw her entire bosom, for the *V*-necked jacket she was wearing was very low-cut.

I sprang to my feet: "Madam, you're going to be cold!"

And pretending to help her rebutton her dress, I untied the ribbon holding it on her shoulders. As I did, the two nipples seemed actually

to leap out of their hiding place, and I sensed their bulk and firmness.

The buttons on each breast stood out: they were red and surrounded by a large brownish halo.

Her titties were as firm as a pair of buttocks' cheeks, and as I fondled them I could have sworn they were a pretty girl's behind.

The woman was so taken aback that I had time, before she recovered her wits, to kiss her nipples at leisure.

She smelled of sweat, but in a way that excited me. It was that *odor di femina* which, as I was later to learn, emanates from a woman's body and, according to the individual, provokes either desire or disgust.

"Oh, ooh! What are you thinking of?…No…That's not right…! I'm a married woman… Not for anything in the world."

These were her words as I steered her toward the bed. I had opened my dressing gown and lifted my nightshirt, revealing my member in a state of hyper-excitement.

"Let me alone. I'm pregnant. Oh, Lord God, if anyone should see us!"

She was still resisting, but less forcefully. As a matter of fact her gaze was fixed steadily on my sexual parts. She was supporting herself against the bed onto which I was trying to force her.

"You're hurting me!"

"My dear woman, no one can see or hear you."

She was by now sitting on the edge of the bed. I was still pushing. She lay back and closed her eyes.

My state of excitement was beyond all bounds. I lifted her dress, her petticoat, and saw a pair of thighs which fired my enthusiasm even more than had the peasant girls'. Between the closed thighs I caught sight of a small tangle of chestnut-colored hairs, among which the crack was concealed.

I dropped to my knees, seized her thighs, let my hands roam caressingly, laid my cheeks upon them and covered them with kisses. My lips advanced from the thighs to her mound of Venus, where the smell of urine only added fuel to my excitement.

I lifted her skirt even higher and looked with astonishment at the enormous bulk of her belly, upon which the navel was raised instead of in a hollow as was Berthe's.

I licked her belly button. She lay motionless, her breasts flopping down on either side. I lifted one of her legs and placed it on the bed. Her cunt came into view. At first I was frightened by the two thick and puffy reddish-brown lips.

Her pregnancy gave me a chance to revel in that sight. Her lips were spread and when I darted a glance inside I discovered a real butcher's stall of moist red meat.

Near the top of the lips was the peepee hole, crowned by a small grain of flesh which my anatomical research had informed me was called the clitoris.

The upper part of her slit was lost in the hair covering her overly fleshy mound of Venus. The lips were almost hairless, and the skin between the thighs was damp and red from sweat.

All in all it was not a very appetizing picture, but I appreciated it nevertheless because the woman was very clean. I could not help inserting my tongue into her crevice and licking it hastily before moving to the clitoris, which hardened under my passionate tonguing.

I soon tired of this sport, and since the crevice was by now well moistened, I replaced my tongue with my finger. Then I laid hold of her nipples, taking the tips in my mouth and sucking them by turns. I kept my index on the clitoris, which grew harder and larger until it had assumed the proportions of my little finger or thereabouts.

But at that point the woman came to her senses and began to whimper, but without however leaving the position into which I had forced her. I felt slightly sorry for her, but I was too worked up to really care. I talked to her cajolingly, trying to comfort her, and ended up by promising to stand as godfather for the child she was expecting.

I went over and, taking some money from the drawer, handed it to her. She had by then got herself decent again. So I lifted my nightshirt, but felt somewhat ashamed to find myself naked again in front of a woman, especially one who was married and pregnant.

I took her moist hand and placed it on my member. The touch was exquisite.

She squeezed, gently at first, then more firmly. I had grasped her nipples, which held a strange fascination for me.

I kissed her on the mouth, and she readily gave me her lips.

My whole being was attuned to pleasure. I placed myself between her thighs, but she exclaimed:

"Not on top of me. It hurts too much. I can't do it the front way any more."

She got off the bed, turned round and bent over with her face on the bed. She said nothing else, but my instinct supplied me with the solution of the enigma. I remembered once having seen two dogs going at it that way. Following Medor's example, I lifted Diana's skirt.

For Diana was her name.

Her buttocks hove into sight, buttocks such as I had never even dreamed existed. Berthe's may have been pleasing, but it was really nothing next to this. My two cheeks put together wouldn't have made even one of this extraordinary rump, whose flesh, surprisingly enough, was not at all flabby. Like all breasts and handsome buttocks, hers were a gleaming white.

In the slit were some blond hairs, and the crack itself was like a chasm dividing her superb cheeks.

Below the colossal buttocks, between the thighs, lay the fat juicy cunt, in which my probing finger burrowed.

I placed my chest against the woman's bare buttocks and with my arms tried to encircle her elusive belly, which hung down like some stately globe.

I caressed her cheeks, then rubbed my member against them. But my curiosity was not yet satisfied. I spread her cheeks and inspected her arse-hole. Like her navel, it was elevated and though brown, was very clean.

I started to insert my finger, but she gave such a start that I was afraid I had hurt her, so I didn't press the point. I placed my burning prick in her cunt; it was like a knife cutting into a mound of butter. Then I bestirred myself like a cock on a hot griddle, bouncing my belly against her elastic behind.

I was like one possessed. I was no longer conscious of what I was doing, but I reached the voluptuous climax, and for the first time in my life shot my sperm into a woman's cunt.

After the discharge I wanted to stay for a while in that agreeable position, but the bailiff's wife turned round and chastely arranged her clothes. While she was rebuttoning her sleeveless jacket, I heard the sound of something dripping: it was my sperm running from her cunt onto the floor. She smeared it underfoot, and dried her thighs on her skirt.

When she saw me standing in front of her, with my red, moist prick partly erect, she smiled, took out her handkerchief and meticulously dried it.

"Get dressed, now, Master Roger," she said. "I've got to leave. But for the love of God," she added, blushing, "don't let anyone hear about what happened just now or I'll never forgive you."

We embraced, exchanged kisses, and she departed, leaving me lost in such a flood of new sensations that I almost forgot that confession had doubtless already begun.

CHAPTER SIX

WEARING SLIPPERS, I threaded my way as quietly as possible along the narrow corridor until I reached the wooden partition. I soon found the most likely spot from which to eavesdrop. The Capuchin had arranged things so that the person confessing was alone in the oratory, while those waiting their turn remained in the chapel.

It was therefore unnecessary for anyone to speak in a whisper, and the conversation was quite distinct. I surmised by the voice that a peasant was presently in the confessional.

The confession must have been already well along, for the Capuchin was saying:

The Confessor. – So you say that you always play with your member in the toilet? Why do you? How long do you play with it, and how often?

The Peasant. – Generally twice a week, but sometimes every day, until I come. I can't help it. I just plain enjoy it too much.

The Confessor. - And haven't you ever done it with women?

The Peasant. – Once, with an old woman.

The Confessor. - Tell me about it, and don't keep anything back.

The Peasant. – Once I was up in the hayloft with old Rosalie. I began to get a hard on, and I said: "Rosalie, is it a long time since you've had a man?" And she said: "Oh, you scoundrel you! Heavens to Betsy, can I have rightly heard my ears? At least 40 years. And I can't say that I'm hankering to have one now. I'm already 60 years old." So I said to her: "Come off it, Rosalie, I'd sure love to see a woman stark naked once in my life. Come on and get undressed." She said: "I'd be afraid, the devil might appear." Then I said: "The last time you did it he didn't appear." And then I pulled the ladder up, so that no one could take us by surprise. I took out my member and showed it to her. She looked at it and said: "Lordy Lou! It's even bigger than my buggered Jean's was." So I said to her, "And now Rosalie, you've got to show me your box." She didn't want to show it to me, but I pulled her skirts up over her head and took a good look.

The Confessor. – Come now, what happened next?

The Peasant. - At the bottom of her belly she had a large slit, purple as a late autumn plum, and above it a bush of gray hair.

The Confessor. – That's not what I asked you. I asked what you did.

The Peasant. – I shoved my sausage into her slit, right up to the balls, which I couldn't get in. As soon as I had it in, Rosalie began to shake her belly back and forth, and hollered to me: "Take me under the buttocks, Pig. Put your hands there and do like I'm doing." So we

started shaking together, both of us, so that I began to get hot, and Rosalie, saving your presence, got so worked up that she discharged five or six times. And I discharged myself once, saving your presence. Then Rosalie began shouting, "Squeeze me tighter, Pig, it's coming, it's coming!" and damned if I didn't come again myself. But they fired her, poor Rosalie, because one of the stable girls had overheard us and went tattling over hill and dale. And that's why I never wanted to go running after the young skirts.

The Confessor. - Well, if that's not a nice kettle of mortal sins! What else do you have on your conscience?

The Peasant. – I never forgot Rosalie. One day in the cow barn while the servant girls were out eating, I noticed that one of the cows is in heat. "She's got a cunt just like Rosalie's," I say to myself. I take out my prick and shove it into her. But the cow didn't stay put like Rosalie had. But I lifted her tail up and was able to keep it in. And I managed to screw her all right, and enjoyed it more than with Rosalie. But, saving your presence, she shit all over me; my balls and trousers were covered with the stuff. That's why I never tried to screw her again.

The Confessor. - Yes, but what makes you stoop to such acts?

The Peasant. - Our shepherd does the same thing with his goats, and our hired girl Lucie one day lay down with a big gander between her thighs, because it's so very good for the belly, as she said to one of the neighbors. And the neighbor also gave it a try.

The rest of the confession was without interest. I left my hiding place and dashed into the chapel to see what the penitent looked like.

I was astonished to discover that it was the dull-looking clod who had so stupidly yielded to the peasant girl's frolics beside the pond.

He was the last of the men to confess. My mother rose to take her place in the oratory. My aunt and the saucy Kate were kneeling beside her. All the chateau's maids were behind them in one of the back pews.

I was surprised to notice that my sister Berthe was absent.

The bailiff's wife had been excused because of her advanced state of pregnancy.

My mother's confession was quite innocent, but interesting nonetheless: "I've got something else to ask you, Father," she said, after enumerating the list of her daily sins. "For some time now my husband has been making certain demands of me.

"On the night of our marriage he made me strip completely, and on several occasions since he has made me do the same thing. But now he persists in seeing me naked, and he even showed me an ancient book, written by a priest, in which it says, among other things: 'Married couples shall perform the carnal act completely naked, so

that the man's seed may mix more intimately with the woman's.' But the older I grow, the more qualms I have on the subject."

The Confessor. – This book was written in the Middle Ages, when it was still not customary to wear nightshirts. Only persons of high station wore them. Common folk slept shirtless in the conjugal bed, and there are still some places in the country where that custom persists today. Our peasants, for instance, almost all sleep thus, especially because of bedbugs. The Church refuses to look upon this practice with an approving eye, but it does not, however, expressly forbid it.

My Mother. – You've reassured me on this point, Father. But my husband also makes me assume certain positions I'm ashamed of. Lately I had to get down naked on all fours while he watched me from behind. Each time he gives me a cane and makes me parade naked around the room, shouting orders at me as though he were commanding a military drill: 'Forward, March!' or 'Halt!' or 'By the right flank, March!', 'By the left flank, March!'

The Confessor. – This should not be; but if it is only by obedience that you submit to it, you are not committing a sin.

My Mother. - Ah, I have something else weighing on my heart, but I'm ashamed to speak of it.

The Confessor. - There is no sin too great to be absolved, my daughter. Unburden your conscience.

My Mother. - My husband is forever wanting to take me from behind, and he acts so that I come close to fainting with shame. Lately I feel him putting his finger, covered with ointment, in my… in my… anus. I try to get up, he reassures me, but nevertheless I feel him inserting his member. At first it hurt, but, why I don't know, after a little while I enjoyed it, and when he'd finished I had the same sensation as if he'd gone in the natural way. (The rest was spoken in such hushed tones that I couldn't make it out.)

The Confessor. – This is indeed a sin. Send your husband to me for confession.

The rest of her confession was boring. Shortly thereafter, my aunt took her place in the confessional, and I heard the pleasant sound of her voice. From what I could hear, she was admitting having often missed confession. But you could have bowled me over with a feather when she added, in low, halting tones, that although she had never before felt any carnal desires, she had been moved to passion upon seeing her young nephew in his bath, and had libidinously touched his body, but fortunately had been able to dominate these wicked desires. Except once when her nephew was sleeping: the blanket had slipped off the bed, leaving his sexual parts exposed. She had stood there looking at him for a long time, and had even taken his member in her

mouth. She spoke with difficulty, as though the words were sticking in her throat. I experienced an extraordinary surge of emotion.

The Confessor. – Haven't you ever sinned with men, or haven't you ever polluted yourself alone?

My Aunt. – I am still a virgin, at least as far as men are concerned. I've often looked at myself in the mirror, and caressed my private parts with my hand. Once… (she hesitated).

The Confessor. - Courage, my child, conceal nothing from your confessor.

My Aunt. – Once my sister said to me: 'Our maid uses an exorbitant number of candles. She's certainly reading novels in bed, and one of these nights she's going to set the house on fire. You sleep near her, you want to be careful!' That very evening, seeing a light in Kate's room, here's what I did. I'd left the door open, and noiselessly entered her room. She was sitting on the floor, her back half-turned towards me, leaning forward in the direction of the bed. In front of her was a chair on which a mirror was placed, and on the left and right of the mirror two candles were burning. Kate was in a nightgown, and I clearly saw in the mirror that she was holding something long and white which she was manipulating back and forth between her well-spread thighs. She was sighing deeply and trembling all over. Suddenly I heard her cry out: 'Oh! oh! oh! it feels so good!' She bowed her head, closed her eyes and seemed completely out of this world. Then I moved. She sprang to her feet and I saw that she was holding an almost concealed candle in her hand. Whereupon she explained to me that she was doing this in memory of her lover who had been drafted into the army. I expressed amazement that one could do such a thing, but she begged me not to tell anyone. I left, but this performance had made such an impression on me that from then on, my Father, I couldn't help trying the same thing, which, alas! I've often repeated since. Yes, I've fallen low, Father. I've often lifted my nightgown and, following Kate's example, given myself up to these sinful pleasures.

The reader can easily guess, in the light of my aunt's and mother's revelations, what Kate's confession consisted of. But I learned besides that she was more and more desirous of having a man, and that her friendship with Berthe was growing by leaps and bounds. They often slept together, and frequently compared their buttocks in the mirror, after having mutually examined each other's bodies.

The maids' confessions were all simple. They'd let the hired men fuck them, but their tales were stripped of all adornment. And they had never allowed the men to enter the room in which they all slept together naked. But during the military maneuvers their precautions proved to be in vain. A whole regiment had passed through the

neighborhood. Thus all the girls, and even one who was pretty well along in years, were obliged to take them on, even from behind, which last, moreover, seemed to the maids a mortal sin. When the friar asked them if they had never masturbated alone or with a girl friend, they replied: "Who'd want to stick her hand in such a smelly cunt?"

But they didn't consider it sinful to watch each other shit or piss, or to have used chickens, pigeons or geese to make them come.

One of them had once let a dog lick her love lips. When asked if she had let him screw her, she answered:

"I would have been only too glad to, but he wasn't big enough."

I took every possible precaution to escape being seen as I returned to my room.

CHAPTER SEVEN

SHORTLY AFTER I HAD RETURNED to my room, my aunt and mother came in to announce that my father was coming to pay us a visit. They also told me that Berthe was not feeling well, and had been put to bed. They added that she was not seriously ill, and would soon be better, but that it would be preferable for me not to go to see her.

The announcement aroused my curiosity, and in two shakes of a lamb's tail I'd decided what I should do. I knew that my aunt and mother were to spend the afternoon in the village with the friar, visiting a poor sick lady, and that Kate was going with them to take a basket of clothes for her.

While the ladies were conversing, I studied them attentively and saw them in a completely new light as a result of the confessions I had overheard.

The dark clothing they were wearing acted as a foil to their appearance, accentuating my mother's blossoming countenance and my aunt's tightly laced figure.

Each was as desirable as the other: one, whose virginitywas as yet unsoiled by masculine contact, holding out the promise of undreamed-of voluptuousness; the other, whose exciting maturity and conjugal experience with an imaginative husband had led her through a maze of sensual caprices.

I was washing as they came in, and explained that I had tried to go to bed, for in reality my pretended illness was beginning to bore me considerably.

My aunt, who had never seen either my room or the library, wandered into the latter. My mother hurried off to the kitchen to supervise the preparations for lunch.

Being alone with my aunt, who now seemed doubly desirable to me, excited me no end. But I was still feeling the effects of my session with the bailiff's wife, and I realized full well that I would easily compromise my plans by being over-hasty.

Margaret, after having inspected the library, had approached the table and was standing there looking at what was on it.

She could well have made some interesting discoveries. The volume "O" of the encyclopedia was lying on the table with a book-mark stuck in the page dealing with onanism. I had penciled a question mark in the margin beside it.

I heard her close the book, and then the Atlas of Anatomy, over certain of whose plates she had lingered for quite some time.

So I was not surprised, upon entering the library, to find her cheeks a burning red.

I pretended not to notice her embarrassment, and said to her in a quiet voice: "You, too, must get bored sometimes, auntie dear. The priest who lived here before had quite a collection of interesting books dealing with the problems of human life. Why don't you take some with you to your room?"

I took two and slipped them into her pocket: *Marriage Unveiled* and *Love and Marriage*. When she affected reluctance, I added: "Naturally, this is between you, and me and the lamp-post; we're not children any longer, are we, auntie?" And I suddenly seized her and gave her an emphatic kiss.

She had her hair arranged in a pretty chignon, and the nape of her neck was extraordinarily lovely. Pretty chignons and necks have always had a tremendous effect on me, and the series of resounding kisses that I planted on my aunt's neck intoxicated me completely.

But Margaret was still under the sway of her recent confession. She pushed me away, but not harshly, and after darting a final glance in the direction of my room, she left, carrying the books in her pocket.

In the course of the afternoon I heard the friar and the ladies leave for the village. I decided to go and find Berthe and ask her what had prompted her to feign illness to get out of confession.

But such was not the case. She was in bed and really appeared to be sick. My visit cheered her up enormously however.

My blackguardism was not long in awakening. But when I tried to reach under the covers to touch her, she turned away and said: "No, Roger, I had my period the day before yesterday."

"Ah, your menstruas," I said, "so you're no longer a little girl, but a woman now. And do you know that I've also become a man, Berthe," I added proudly. And unbuttoning my trousers I showed her my pubic hair and the bared head of my penis. "And I've done it too, you know. Though I can't tell you with whom."

"You've done it," she queried, "done what?"

So I explained coitus to my attentive sister. "And do you know what," I concluded, "Mama and Papa do it too all the time."

"Not really! How disgusting!"

But since her tone implied exactly the opposite, I added:

"Disgusting? Why were two sexes created then, Berthe? You've no idea how good it feels, much better than when you do it alone."

"Yes, I always did enjoy it more when Kate did it to me than when I did it myself. The day before yesterday, oh, really! I thought I was in heaven! Then Kate said to me: 'Now that you've come, Berthe, watch out, you'll be having your period soon.' That very day I had a stomach-ache, and all of a sudden something wet ran down my thighs. When I saw it was blood I was frightened half out of my wits. Kate burst out laughing and went to find Mama, who came and looked at me. 'Get

yourself to bed now, my Berthe,' she said, 'you'll be having these every month from now on for three or four days. When you stop bleeding you should change your nightgown, and be sure not to wash yourself before the bleeding's stopped. By the way, you shan't be wearing little-girl dresses any more' I'm going to begin wearing long dresses like Mama and auntie," Berthe concluded proudly.

"Come on, Berthe, let's do it, " and drawing her close, I hugged her.

"You must be careful not to hurt my breasts," Berthe said. "I'm very sensitive now."

But she offered no protest when I opened her night-gown to see her little breasts, which were just beginning to blossom.

They were a pair of gently sloping hillocks, which reminded me of Psyche's or Hebe's. But they already had the classical form, and were firm, culminating in two little rose-colored sweetmeats.

I whispered reassuring words to her and she willingly let me fondle her and even suck her titties. In fact she was becoming excited.

After a few unconvincing protests, she let me see her Lady Jane, but only after she had rolled up her blood-stained nightdress.

She already had more hair than I. A little watery blood was trickling along her thighs; it was certainly not the most appetizing sight in the world, but I was too excited to care.

She was holding her thighs tightly together, but my probing finger soon found her clitoris. Under the pressure of my hand, her thighs began to spread.

Finally I was able to get my finger into her cunt, but not very far, for she drew back. I pressed against her hymen, in the middle of which there was already a little hole. Berthe gave a short cry of pain, and tightened up again. By now worked up to a high pitch of excitement, I undressed hastily, lifted my shirt and climbed on top of my sister with the intention of forcing my member, which was hard as a rock, into her cunt. Berthe protested weakly, began to cry, then gave a sharp cry of pain, when I went well into her vagina. But her short-lived pain soon appeared to melt into a feeling of sensual pleasure. Her cheeks were hot, her pretty eyes shone bright, her lips were slightly parted. She clasped me in her arms and began to respond to my movements.

Before I had finished, nectar had started to flow from her cunt. Her eyes, half-closed, were fluttering nervously. She cried out, but her cries were of pleasure. "Roger, ah! oh! Ro-oger. I… I… aah!" She was completely beside herself with pleasure. I had just plucked my sister's cherry.

Because of my morning's session with the bailiff's wife, and because of my excitation, I had not yet come. But seeing my sister's

sensual delight, I became even more excited and stepped up the rhythm of my movements. But suddenly I felt something warm in Berthe's cunt. I withdrew, and a dark red mass of sperm mixed with the blood caused by the piercing of the maidenhead and the menstruation flowed out.

We were both frightened. My member was covered with blood, which stuck to my balls and hair.

But imagine our fright when we heard a voice behind us saying: "My, my my! What a pleasant conversation the young ones are having." Kate was standing beside us.

She had forgotten something and had been sent back to fetch it. So absorbed had we been in what we were doing that we had not heard her climb the stairs, but apparently she'd been watching us for some time from the hallway, and had then opened the door quietly and tiptoed into the room during Berthe's voluptuous orgasm.

Her roguish face reflected the excited state into which the sight and sound of our play had worked her. Berthe and I were so taken aback that for half a minute we did not even think to arrange our disorderly clothes. Kate had ample time to observe Berthe's serious bleeding, as well as the decline and fall of my tool, which my fright had caused to unstiffen.

"When you do such things, at least have the foresight to shut the door," and she went over and shot the bolt.

"Berthe, your mother forgot to tell you not to do it during your periods. But," she laughed, "I know how it is, that's just when you most want to.

"Now put a dry cloth between your legs and stay in bed like a good girl. But be sure not to put *your* shirt in the dirty clothes' basket, Roger, unless you've also started having periods."

And looking, I saw that my shirt was spotted with blood. Kate poured some water into a hand basin and approached me.

"Luckily it comes out easily," she said. "Get up, Roger, and let me wash you."

I stood up in front of her so she could wash my shirt in the basin. She lifted my shirt-tail high, exposing me again to the view of the two girls.

She washed my shirt, poking fun at me as she did so, then said seriously:

"Come here now," and washed the blood off me with a sponge.

At this contact, my tool slowly began to rear its sleepy head. "Oh, you wicked little prick, going into Berthe's cunt like that!" and she gave it a few saucy slaps with the palm of her hand. Suddenly she grabbed me, forced me to my knees, and spanked me as hard as she could.

I started to howl bloody murder, while Berthe almost split her sides laughing.

My fanny was stinging, but my state of excitement was even greater than before.

When I was younger, then or thereabouts, my mother had often hoisted me between her thighs after I'd done something or other I shouldn't have, lowered my trousers and spanked the devil out of me. But I remember that after the first sting of pain had subsided, a feeling of sensual pleasure had lingered with me the rest of the day.

When Kate noticed that my prick was once again respectable, she broke out laughing. "Goodness gracious, what a big handle!" She took it in her hand, squeezed it, then uncovered it. That was just too much. I grabbed Kate's breasts; she pretended to resist. So I slipped my hand beneath her skirt. She wasn't wearing panties. I seized her apricot. She tried to draw away, but I held her by her love hair, encircled her buttocks with my left arm, dropped to my knees, and drove the thumb of my right hand into her warm box, maneuvering it back and forth.

Kate lost possession of herself and fell back onto the bed. I lifted her dress and laid bare her cunt. Her hair was red, not as thick as I would have imagined from what Berthe had told me, but fairly long and moist with sweat.

Her skin was as white as milk, and soft as silk. Her white thighs were well rounded, and she was wearing pretty black stockings in which a pair of firm round calves were enclosed.

I threw myself upon her, forced my prick between her thighs until it eased gently into her cunt. But I drew it out again almost immediately. I was in an extremely poor position, with nothing to brace my feet against.

But by now Kate was hot and bothered. She jumped up, pushed me into a chair near the bed, and threw herself on top of me. Before I had time to say Jack Robinson, my member was imprisoned in her cunt.

I felt her long hair against my belly. She held my shoulders and was rocking back and forth. At each stroke her large lips touched my balls. She took off her muslin jumper, and told me to play with her boobies, because "it feels so good," she said.

Her nipples were naturally more developed than Berthe's, and harder though much smaller than those of the bailiff's wife. Her breasts were as white as her thighs and belly, and were tipped by two red points, surrounded by a yellow crown on which there were a few tiny hairs.

Kate was very excited, and was approaching the climax. So violent were her movements that my prick had twice slipped out of her cunt, and she had hurt me in putting it back in, though she

seemed to be getting her share of pleasure from the operation.

I was lagging behind her, whereas she, in pleasure-filled tones, was exulting: "Now… now… no… it's coming… ah! ah! God A'mighty! How good your prick feels!" And with that she came, and there was an increased flow of her love juice. At the tail end of her climax, the sensitive chambermaid bit my shoulder.

Feeling her boiling ejaculation, I realized that my own climax was not far off.

Kate had quickly regained control of herself.

"Roger, your tail's becoming hotter and hotter; you're on the point of discharging." And she stood up abruptly, seized my sperm-covered member in her right hand and began to stroke it violently, saying: "Otherwise I might become pregnant."

I'd also risen to my feet. Kate pulled me toward her with her right arm; I tongued her nipples. I must have spread my legs. Standing there naked as the day I was born in front of the two attentive girls, my belly was seized by a fit of convulsions. Suddenly my sperm went flying.

Berthe watched the ejaculation intently, and gazed curiously at the white liquid which had fallen on to the bed.

While I was discharging, Kate had tickled my buttocks and encouraged me with: "There now, my Roger, how nicely you're coming, that's it, that's it!"

My orgasm was beyond all description.

I fell back onto the chair. Kate was acting as if nothing had happened. She was arranging everything; she wiped my prick with her handkerchief, rebuttoned her blouse, picked up her basket and, in her customary gay voice said: "God be praised that things turned out as they did. Now let's all be good children. You, Berthe, remain quiet and get some rest. And you, Roger, return to your room."

She left, and I went down to my room, after having got dressed again and kissed Berthe good-bye.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE DAY'S EVENTS HAD WORN ME to a frazzle. My one desire was to rest. When I awoke the next morning, I was lying on my back, a position which usually gives me an erection. Shortly thereafter I heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Wanting to play a joke on the bailiff's wife, I lifted my nightshirt, threw the blankets off me, and pretended to be asleep.

But instead of the bailiff's wife, it was her sister-in-law, a woman of thirty-five or so, the age when a woman is at the height of sensuality.

In her younger days she had been a housemaid. Having married an elderly butler who managed to amass a neat pile of savings, she presently lived with her husband and three children (a son and two daughters of ten, eleven and thirteen, respectively) in her brother the bailiff's quarters.

Madame Muller was neither ugly nor beautiful. She was tall, had a strikingly good figure, a dark complexion and her hair, like her eyes, was pitch black. She seemed intelligent, and fully worthy of a bout with my John Thomas.

And you could bet your last penny that she'd seen more than one such animal in her lifetime. So, I reasoned, why not let her see mine as well. I lay there motionless.

Madame Muller set the coffee on the night stand. Then seeing John Thomas standing stiffly at attention, she had a moment's hesitation. But she was a resolute woman, free from all false modesty. She spent several seconds gazing at me with apparent pleasure. Then she coughed discreetly to awaken me, and as I stretched my limbs in such a way as to give my prick an even more insolent air, she approached the bed, looked down for a second, then pulled the covers up and said: "Your coffee, Master Roger."

I opened my eyes, wished her good morning, and complimented her on how well she was looking, etc. Then I suddenly jumped out of the bed, seized her and assured her that she was the most beautiful woman in the whole chateau.

She resisted weakly; slipping my hand beneath her skirts, I discovered a very hairy mound. Then I drove my finger into her cunt. As is the case with all sensual women, hers was dry, but my finger-work soon remedied that. Her clitoris was extremely hard.

"But what's come over you? Stop that! What would my husband say if he knew!"

"Mr. Muller's in the chapel."

"Yes. I know. He does nothing but pray all day long.

But stop that now, you're hurting me. My sister-in-law might come in. She's waiting for me. That's enough now! I'll come back tonight. My husband's leaving today for two or three days in the country. But now we're liable to be interrupted… "

And with that she took her leave. That evening, after having eaten a hearty dinner, I took some wine, ham and dessert back with me to my room. The chateau was soon asleep. Finally, after what seemed like hours, Madame Muller came in. My heart was beating like a triphammer. I embraced her, and gave her a French kiss, which she returned. I undressed quickly and showed her my prick in a most presentable condition.

"Don't get so excited," she warned, "or we'll waken the whole house and set the tongues to wagging."

She bolted the door. I fastened her mound in a tight grip, and found it slightly swollen, and her clitoris extremely hard. I stripped her down to her petticoat, and lifted it high. Seeing her dressed you'd have taken her for thin, but she wasn't in the least. In fact if anything she was on the fleshy side. Her dark pubic hair, I noticed, climbed all the way up to her navel.

She must just have washed, for her Lady Jane was odorless. Then I stripped her completely and was amazed to find how firm her breasts were. They were only moderately large, and her nipples were set in a small field of light brown hair.

Lifting her breasts, I saw that she also had some short, fine black hairs underneath. Her armpits were likewise covered with hair as thick as a man's.

What surprised me most as I examined her more closely, were her well raised buttocks, whose cheeks were set close together. Along her backbone ran a fine line of black hair, from top to bottom. The sight of all this healthy fleece caused John Thomas to harden even more.

I ripped off my nightshirt and straddled the lovely creature, whose rhythmic movements set my pickle slapping back and forth against her belly.

We were in such a position that we could clearly see ourselves in the mirror. I led her toward the bed, where she sat down and said: "I know you want to see all of me." She raised her legs and displayed her hairy cunt right up to her pot hole. I immediately set to tonguing her, and lingered at the task for quite some time. Her lips began to swell. When I went to insert my tool, she laughed and said: "Not like that. Get on the bed."

I asked her to please use the familiar "thou" form with me, and to allow me to do the same with her.

I got onto the bed. She climbed on top of me and I thus had her whole beautiful body before my eyes. She told me to play with her

boobies. Then she grasped my prick, paraded it awhile against her love lips, and at the same time asked me to be sure not to come inside her. Then she suddenly shoved my tool in right up to the ballbearings. She was riding me so strenuously that it was almost painful. Round about that time she came, and I could feel all the warmth of her cunt, hear her heaving sighs, and see her eyes roll back in her head.

Realizing that I was also on the point of coming, she got quickly to her feet.

"Hold on a minute, young fellow, my lad," she said in a voice still trembling with emotion, "I know still another that'll satisfy you without making me pregnant."

She turned round; her buttocks were now facing me. She bent down and took my prick in her mouth. I followed her example and began tonguing her love lips, lapping up the female love-juice which tasted like a raw egg. She stepped up the play of her tongue against my glans, and with one hand she tickled my balls and buttocks, while with the other she gripped my penis.

I stiffened with pleasure. She thrust my prick as far in her mouth as possible. Her most secret parts were staring me full in the face. I seized her buttocks, and plunged my tongue into her pothole. I lost control of myself and ejaculated in her mouth.

When I recovered from my momentary rapture, she was lying beside me and had pulled the blankets up over us. She was caressing me, thanking me for the pleasure I had given her, and asked me if I had enjoyed it as much as she.

I had to admit that I had enjoyed that position even more than normal coitus. And then I asked her why she hadn't let me come inside her, since she was married.

"For that very reason," she said. "My husband is impotent, and can tell whenever I cheat on him. Oh, God in Heaven! what I have to put up with from that man!"

I asked her to tell me all about it. She said that her husband could get an erection only if she beat him with a rod until she drew blood.

She likewise had to let him strike her, but only with his hand, and now she was so used to it that she enjoyed it more than it hurt her. He also made her peepee and shit in his presence, so eager was he not to miss a trick. And he got especially worked up when she had her periods.

After she had struck him fifty or even a hundred times, she had to hurry and slip his half-erect member inside, for otherwise it fell limp, except when she licked his buttocks or let him lick her between the toes. Whenever that happened he was able to keep a good hard on, but all these things were pretty disagreeable.

"And on top of all that," she concluded, "the old rascal spends all

his time in church."

Her story had aroused the flagging spirits of my John Thomas. Madame Muller had hastened the resurrection by tickling my balls. She had me get between her legs, and turned over on her side. She scissored my buttocks with her legs, so that we were both lying on our sides, face to face. It was a good position, allowing us to lie closely interlaced, and at the same time leaving her titties exposed to my tongue.

I was holding her cunt, which the bout of pleasure had caused to narrow, with my hand. Both of us thrust our fingers into the other's arse-hole. I let my prick slide softly into her cunt, and began to rock as before, sucking her nipples all the while.

I kept my finger moving in her throbbing arse-hole. She came a second time with a cry of delight. She had taken hold of my balls from behind and was squeezing them so tightly that she hurt me, and I had to ask her to let them go.

After having caressed me gently, she turned her head toward the pillow, so that her magnificent buttocks were prominently displayed. I had her rise to her knees and lift her buttocks high. I sent a wad of spit flying into her pothole, and thrust my prick in easily. At each stroke I felt my balls bounce off her buttock cheeks.

She kept telling me how good it felt. I could touch her hairy cunt with one hand and fondle her breasts with the other. Just as I was about to come I started to withdraw but she contracted her buttock muscles around my glans, and I ejaculated squarely into her arse-hole. Afterwards she told me that that was the first time she'd done it that way, and that, although it had hurt in the beginning, in the end she'd enjoyed it.

Feeling my prick harden in her buttocks hole, her sensual forces had awakened and she had had another orgasm at the same time as mine.

"But that's about enough for today," she decided, smiling.

That was about all I could take too. I offered her some dessert, but she insisted that I come and have a short liqueur in her room instead. After which, I came back to my room and fell into bed.

CHAPTER NINE

ONE DAY MY MOTHER decided that all the maids would henceforth sleep on the top story of the chateau, right under the eaves. They began moving their goods and chattels upstairs, and were to start sleeping there the same evening

I watched them move. As one of them, her mattress under her arm, was climbing the last flight of stairs, I sneaked up behind her and lifted her petticoats.

The first thing I grabbed was a pair of firm buttock cheeks, which I drew back against me, at the same time thrusting my thumb into her moist cunt. She raised no cry, but turning round and recognizing me, smiled as if flattered by my gallantry.

It was Ursula, the brunette. I led her up to the top floor and embraced her.

She reacted favorably to the first kiss, and responded actively to the second. Whereupon I seized her blouse at the bosom, and had soon succeeded in slipping inside to caress the firm, brown-tipped hemispheres. A swift movement of the left hand beneath her short dress, and the well-grassed mound was mine.

She squeezed her thighs together and bent slightly forward. I took a nipple in my mouth and sucked it gently, while my finger played with her excited clitoris. Soon I had managed to slip my hand between her thighs, until one, two, three fingers had penetrated her cunt.

She tried to get away, but I pushed her against the wall. I felt her whole body trembling beneath her flimsy clothing. I deftly extracted my John Thomas and thrust it into her box. The position was awkward, the girl was tall and strong, and I would never have been able to screw her unless she had done her share of the work.

So I fucked her standing up. She must have been as hot as an oven, for she quickly reached the climax. I too was on the point of coming, due to the fatiguing position we were in, but just then we heard a noise in one of the adjoining rooms, and Ursula broke away. But the sound soon died away. I showed her my dark, red prick, dripping wet from her discharge. She looked at it, and was moved because, as she said, *it was the first time she'd ever seen a city fellow's prick.*

"All right now, tit for tat," I said. "Let's see yours."

She responded modestly. I raised her skirt, laid bare a pair of lovely legs and, between her thighs, an impressive mop of black hair. Thanks be to God she was not wearing panties, as the city-bred girls do, who put on all sorts of airs when you meddle with their roots, despite the fact that they really like it as much, if not more than the

peasant girls.

Then I stuck my nose into her Lady Jane; it gave off the odor of raw egg – due to her recent discharge – and of piss. When I began to tongue her clitoris she laughed and let her skirt fall back into place. But I held on tight and, squatting beneath the folds of her dress, let my tongue wander at random across the length and breadth of her body, as a result of which I got an even more impressive hard on. But the sounds began anew, and Ursula broke away again, this time for good.

I was obliged to leave, but as Ursula turned to go I lifted her skirts one last time from behind, revealing a pair of really splendid, extraordinarily firm buttocks.

"Just a wee bit more, Ursula." I said, retaining her by her blouse.

I kissed the cheeks of her rump, manipulated them, opened them to smell her arse-hole, which gave off no odor of shit, but only of piss. But finally she broke away, remarking that it was beyond her powers of comprehension how a fellow like myself could get any pleasure from sniffing a poor peasant girl's stinking parts.

That evening, at dinner, I discreetly asked Berthe if I couldn't please fuck her. She said no. I went upstairs later to see if I might perhaps find the opportunity of doing what I so badly wanted to do. Result: zero.

The covers of my bed were already turned down. I undressed and, stretching out on my belly, spread a handkerchief beneath me, hugged my pillow and, thinking of my aunt, my sister, of all the cunts and buttocks with which I'd ever come in contact, I softly began to stroke alone. Then I rested awhile before starting the procedure allover again. Just as I felt my sperm coming, I heard a voice from behind the door say: "Are you already asleep, Master Roger? I've brought you your water."

I rose, slipped on a dressing gown, and opened the door. It was Helen, one of the girls who worked in the kitchen. As soon as she was inside, I locked the door. So great was my desire that my prick was throbbing like a pendulum.

I grabbed the lovely, prettily dressed peasant girl's sturdy buttocks and as I fondled her breasts, planted a pair of savory kisses full on her mouth.

She took it in the right spirit, but when I reached her love lips she said, blushing: "It's my period." Just my luck! I was as erect as a bare-footed friar, and she was looking at my prick good-naturedly. She played with it prettily. At least I could amuse myself with her hanging gardens. I opened her jacket and her breasts slipped into my waiting hands. Like the girl herself, they were freckled, but aside from that I saw nothing to reproach them for.

I didn't stop pestering her till she let me see, although against her will, her buttocks and Lady Jane, to whose crinkly, reddish hair blood was sticking. I pushed her onto a chair and let her place my dick between her breasts. A most practical method: it disappeared among the fleshy folds of her delectable hillocks. But it would have been better with a bit of lubrication. I told her so. She spat on my prick and squeezed it tightly between her boobies. On top the glans peeked out, and at the bottom my balls were hanging down.

I began to rock back and forth, whispering sweet words to her and at the same time caressing her face or playing with the wisps of curls along her neck. A powerful discharge followed, which she watched attentively, for the position was as novel for her as it was for me.

Having had my fill, I made her a gift of a silk scarf, which she gratefully accepted, once again excusing herself for her condition. She added that the girls who worked with her in the kitchen were late in going to bed, but that they slept much later in the morning than the others who rose early to go milking. Should I venture up there some morning, I'd find more than enough to keep me happy.

I was overjoyed by the news. The following morning I gave out that I was going to build a bird house for the doves under the eaves, in order to have an excuse for climbing to the maids' garret. But I was constantly interrupted and my project came to nought.

Once I managed to watch Berthe in the toilet, and once Kate, and so got a peek at their cunts. But because of the inclement weather my aunt and mother sewed assiduously: neither Kate nor Berthe dared touch my prick as they went by.

To pass the time more pleasantly, I'd drilled a hole inthe toilet partition; the toilet itself was nothing more than a hole inthe ground.

And I could thus spend my afternoons watching all the girls and ladies piss, shit and fart. I could study buttocks, pot holes and Lady Janes in all their glory, and I remarked that among them there was little to choose from except difference of hair color and size. I became convinced of the truth of a statement attributed to a farm lad whom a countess had allowed to screw her. Asked how it had been, the lad replied: "The blouse was of finer material, but aside from that just like with any other woman."

I thus passed my time contemplating all the cunts and buttocks in the chateau, and the sight of even those I had already had was a source of constant pleasure to me.

Meanwhile, I'd given Ursula a pretty shawl, for it had not been her fault that I hadn't been able to fuck her completely. The other girls had noticed it, and without exception became extremely nice to me, for they were no dummies, and were quick to realize how pleasant it

must be both to be fucked and to receive a present to boot.

At least that's what one of them told me one morning early, when the profound silence was broken only by the distant rumor of goings and comings in the stables.

I had gone upstairs and discovered an unlocked door which led into two of the maids' bedroom.

The room's atmosphere was one of the mixed odors emanating from the girls' bodies. Their clothes were hanging in disarray from wooden pegs, or were draped across the foot of the bed. At first these odors were disagreeable, but as soon as one got used to them they became exciting rather than suffocating: the veritable *odor di femina* - the perfume which gives an erection.

The beds, made in the ancient style, were double. They were all empty except one, in which a lass lay snoring deeply.

She was lying on her side, turned toward the wall. One of her feet was on the wooden bedstead, and her buttocks were nicely exposed, since she was sleeping in the nude.

Her coarse nightdress was draped over a wooden chair, on which the rest of her clothes were also strewn. The sleeping beauty, whose name was Babette, had not the faintest notion that she was being scrutinized from head to toe. Her skin could have been softer, but her frame, though rough-hewn, was not skinny.

I brought my head close to her buttocks and inhaled the penetrating odor of sweat. Her arse-hole showed a few traces of her last shitting. Below it her well-formed slit, crowned by chestnut hair, was clearly visible.

I softly tickled her buttocks' cheeks and cunt. As soon as I had inserted my finger she gave a start and turned round, and I could contemplate her from in front. Her fleece was crinkly and smelled strongly of urine, which fact I remarked when I stuck my nose against it.

I might add that the maids washed their cunts only on Sundays. As a matter of fact, there are many fine ladies who seldom have the time to wash themselves. But coming back to that odor, it had aroused me, and I was already hard.

I bolted the door and stripped. Then I spread her thighs apart. She half-opened her eyes. "Babette," I said, thrusting three fingers into her box, "you're my little sweetheart. Look what an erection I've got!"

She stirred, pointed toward the other room, and said: "Ursula's in there too."

"No matter. We've got time to have a go before she wakes up. Look what I've brought you."

And I handed her a little imitation jewel ring that I'd bought from a passing peddler. Then without another word I kneeled between her

thighs, which she willingly spread. I let her play with my tool and balls awhile, and reciprocated by tickling her cunt. When she was well oiled, I drove it in up to the balls, took her under the buttocks and tickled her arse-hole. She clasped me about the neck and we plunged into a frenzy of voluptuousness which, after a brief bout, ended in a violent discharge on both sides.

During the act she had perspired profusely, and her healthy peasant odor made me hope that we could start all over again. But she was afraid of becoming pregnant. Besides, it was high time for her to be up, for it was Ursula's day to sleep late. I had completely forgotten that Ursula was there, and Babette laughed heartily when I said that I'd certainly like to wake her up.

While Babette was wiping her private parts with her nightdress, I entered the other room. Ursula was lost in a deep sleep.

She was also lying in the nude, but had the blankets pulled up to her bosom. She was sleeping on her back, with her arms cocked behind her head so that the thick black bushes of her armpits were in full view.

Her pretty breasts were thrown into fuller relief by the position of her arms, on either side of which her long rich locks tumbled gracefully down. The whole picture was charming to behold. What a pity she was a mere peasant! I have never understood how a man could prefer a lady's affected charms to the natural beauty of a peasant girl.

Her impeccably clean nightdress was lying beside her. I sniffed it and was astonished by the healthy odor with which it was impregnated.

Softly, softly, I drew the blankets back and stood there admiring her naked form. I remained motionless an instant, amazed by the beauty of her well-proportioned legs, her grassy Venus mound, whose heavy hair extended from her love lips to her thighs. She awoke when I began to caress her breasts. At first startled, she hastily drew the covers over her. Then she recognized me and gave me a broad smile.

Just then Babette stuck her head inside and said: "Stay in bed, Ursula, I'll take care of your work for you." And with that she left.

I covered Ursula with kisses until she was hot. I asked her to get up and had her walk about the room while I examined her lovely body from head to foot and from all sides, marveling at her beauty.

Then I took her in my arms, and for a long time we stood there in a close embrace.

I placed my hands on the cheeks of her behind and pulled her belly close against mine. She could feel the full stiffness of my prick, her love hair tickled my balls.

She enjoyed the sport. She put her arms around my neck, hugged

me to her. I plucked some hairs from her armpits. She was completely beside herself with desire. I put my hand into her cunt, which was moist and distended. Her clitoris was very hard.

We got into bed. I made her rise to her knees and hold her buttocks high. I experimented feverishly with her pothole. Her cunt, crowned by jet black hair, was half-opened, and after reveling in the sight of the red interior, I rubbed my glans against her lips.

She enjoyed the stroking and seconded my movements. Softly I pushed it till it was all the way in, then drew it out again, back and forth, until felt myself on the point of coming.

She acted like one possessed. Her cunt, completely distended, gripped my member tightly. I thrust it in up to the hilt, hugged her buttocks, seized her hanging beauties, and rocked like a maniac, completely gone. She sighed deeply at every stroke. With one hand I pressed her boobies, with the other I tickled her clitoris. We came simultaneously. I heard my prick slapping inside her wet cunt. We lay there as though dead.

When I withdrew I still had a hard on. Ursula was ashamed, because she had never done it that way.

What she'd most enjoyed had been the slapping of my balls against the lower part of her cunt. I had not yet had my fill, and would gladly have stayed a while longer with that lovely, blooming lass. Had it been possible, I would have married her.

She told me that she had to get downstairs. She slipped on her blouse and I helped her to dress. She smiled at me amicably. I examined her from all sides once more before leaving. I promised to buy her a fine souvenir, and she agreed to come and spend the night with me sometime soon.

CHAPTER TEN

THE CHATEAU WAS STILL ASLEEP when I came back downstairs and climbed into bed. My mother woke me up when she brought my breakfast. She informed me that I'd have to go to the station the next day to meet my father, who was arriving with my eldest sister, Elise.

My mother was in an excellent mood, but not so Berthe, who was upset by the arrival of her extremely pretty sister. She told me that Elise was having a flirtation with the son of one of our father's business associates, and that the young man would probably marry her when he had finished his military service.

She told me besides that there were many things that she had not understood before which were now clear as crystal to her. Kate and Elise must certainly have wrestled for a long time together and they had once again remained alone for an hour in the bathroom.

The next day I was happy to note that my mother was taking a bath in anticipation of her husband's visit.

At the station I was astonished to discover upon the arrival of the train that my sister had blossomed into a charming young woman. Her pretty little feet were encased in a pair of elegant shoes, and she fluttered about with such grace that I found myself growing jealous of her Frederick. I had decided that every female in the immediate vicinity should become a member of my harem, and the sight of my sister only confirmed that idea in my mind.

My jealousy increased when I perceived that my father had brought a friend with him, Mr. Franck, an elderly bachelor who entertained hopes concerning my aunt. The introductions were cordial. My sister was as surprised by my development as I was by hers, and our embrace was more than fraternal.

We had not counted on Mr. Franck, and since the carriage was large enough for only two people, I suggested that Papa and Mr. Franck use it, while Elise and I went home on foot. My sister concurred. The way home was very pretty.

The conversation soon became interesting. My sister was extremely flattered by the compliments I paid to her beauty.

When she inquired about Berthe, I replied that she had her periods and was nubile. She looked at me with amazement.

"She stays locked in the bathroom as long as you used to," I added. Then, watching her closely, I continued: "They sleep together in the same room, if you know what I mean."

My sister blushed deeply but said nothing.

"There is no reason to be embarrassed, Elise," I said amicably, "I'm no longer a little boy. Besides you must have noticed when we were

little and they bathed us together that my prick's no worse than your Frederick's."

"Why, Roger!"

"We've got hair between our legs now and we know that there's something better than playing stickfinger."

She was as red as a beet, her bosom was heaving, but she was at a loss for words. Suddenly she shot a glance round about to make sure no one was watching us, and asked:

"Is it true, Roger, that before becoming soldiers young men have to strip and let themselves be examined naked? I heard auntie and Mama saying something of the sort and at the boarding house they were also discussing it."

"Frederick, my future brother-in-law, could have enlightened you on that matter. Certainly they have to. They examine them like a bride on her wedding night. But they don't get erections because they're scared. No doubt Frederick didn't get a hard on either."

"Not really! But how ashamed they must be…Is it public? Can women see that?"

"Unfortunately not," I said seriously. "But I'd have no qualms in front of you, Elise."

I embraced her in a friendly manner. We were in a little copse near the chateau.

"Do you imagine," I added, "that there's a bride anywhere in the world who doesn't have to strip on her wedding night and be duly inspected by her husband? He strips too, you know."

"But it's not the same thing for a man."

"Why not? If I stripped in front of you, you could see everything I've got: my hair, my pendulum, my balls; but if you undressed I could only see your hair. Your cunt would remain hidden. Do you have much hair, Elise?"

"Oh, look at the lovely strawberries, Roger!" she said.

I helped her pick some. We went deeper into the woods. Erect as a boar, I hugged her.

"What's that over there?" she asked.

"A hunting lodge that belongs to us. I've got the key."

The building was set in a thicket of trees.

"Wait for me, Roger, I'll be back in a second. Watch that nobody comes."

She went behind the lodge. I heard her pissing. I watched her. She was squatting, bent slightly forward with her legs apart and holding her skirt high enough so that I could see her pretty calves.

Beneath the knees the lace of her panties was dangling. A stream was spurting between her legs. When it stopped flowing, I withdrew, but she remained in a squatting position. She hoisted her skirts above

her loins, and slipped her panties down. The buttocks-hole was in full view as well as her firm, spotless cheeks. Her efforts gave birth to a thin sausage which slipped from her arse-hole, dangled an instant, and then wriggled to the ground. A bit of juice followed, then she pissed a trifle more.

This time I clearly saw the stream spurt from between the thick, chestnut-colored hairs. When she had finished, she hunted about for some paper and when I saw that she had found none, I appeared and gave her some.

"Here, Elise."

For a moment I thought she was going to be angry.

"Don't be that way," I told her, "I have to go too."

I pulled out my dick and, although it was still erect, began to piss. Recalling the hired man, I aimed so high that my sister couldn't help laughing. She'd finished with the paper. We heard voices and Elise became frightened. I pushed her into the hunting lodge and pulled the door shut behind us. We watched through a crack. A peasant and a maid, with a roguish air about them, approached. He threw her onto the ground and climbed on top of her, took out his John Thomas, raised her skirts and they went at it hammer and tongs, groaning like a couple of wild animals.

I had encircled Elise's waist and pulled her close to me. Her scented breath warmed my cheeks. Her bosom was heaving deeply as silently we watched the sport. I pulled out my prick and placed it in her warm hand whose touch was soft as silk. The couple moved off. I couldn't resist and seized Elise. In spite of her resistance, I deftly slipped off her panties and jacket. My hand played with her hair. The thighs were locked, but I could feel that her clitoris was hard.

"No, Roger, you're carrying this too far! Aren't you ashamed! I'll scream!"

"If you scream they'll hear you in the chateau. No one'll know. Adam and Eve did the same thing."

"But we aren't Adam and Eve, Roger."

"Elise, what if we were on a desert island…!"

I managed to get my finger in.

"If my Frederick only knew what was happening!"

"He won't know. Come on, sweetheart."

I sat down on a chair and drew my sister on top of me. When she felt the enormous prick against her love lips she gave up the struggle. She was not a virgin and admitted having done it once with her Frederick.

Her cunt was very narrow, warm, and pleasantly moist.

She responded to my kisses. I opened her blouse and brought forth her lovely breasts which shook as I sucked them. I placed my

hands on her lower spheres, those magnificent buttocks. She became hot as a fire-cracker. We reached the climax together. Afterwards, we vowed eternal discretion. We examined each other at our leisure, then set off to the chateau.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

AT TABLE EVERYONE WAS VERY GAY. My father was taking good care of my mother. Mr. Franck was most attentive to my aunt. I chatted with my sisters. They had given my room to the guest. I was to sleep on the same floor as the women, in Elise's room, while she shared Kate's and Berthe's.

When everyone was asleep I peeked into my sisters' room.

Berthe was sleeping but Elise wasn't there. I noticed a light, hid myself, and was able to see Elise and my aunt standing in their nightgowns spying through a crack in my parents' door. The sound of healthy slaps on a bare fanny was audible to us all. Then my father's voice: "Now, drop your nightgown, Anna…How lovely you are with your black hair."

Kisses and whispers.

"March, Anna. Forward, march…! Halt! Arms up in the air! What a lot of hair you have under your arms…Look at my erection, Anna, take it…Present arms…! Shoulder arms!…come here!"

"Now, Charles, don't get so excited… you're hurting me… you've seen me for long enough now. I'm ashamed to let you look at me from behind."

"Don't worry, my child… Get on the bed… feet up there! My treasure…"

You could hear the bed creaking.

"Coming, Anna?"

"Nearly, Charles…"

"Oh… ah, Anna… I'm coming…!"

"Oh yes…! yes! wonderful, Charles…"

The sound of Kate's voice came from the direction of the stairs. Elise heard it and disappeared quickly into her room. My aunt slipped into hers without shutting the door. She came out again. My parents turned out their light. I slipped into my aunt's room. When she returned she started with fright. I blurted out my feelings for her. She turned on the light. I kissed her without saying a word and felt the pressure of her mature body against mine. She was trembling. I moved my hand beneath her nightdress and groped at her cunt. She fought; I whispered reassuringly: "Let's be husband and wife, beautiful, darling Marguerite."

My finger played with her clitoris and all the resistance went out of her. I uncovered her beautiful breasts which were as white as snow and at the same time I coaxed her gently toward the bed. I took out my prick. The champagne she had drunk had excited her. I placed her hand at my prick and began to rub myself against her: the pleasure

was too great. She wriggled about and her clitoris swelled. I moved my fingers to her cunt and sucked at her teats. Then I lifted her nightdress right up over her haunches and pressed her against me, mouth to mouth, and with a forward belly stroke launched my prick into her virginal crevice.

She uttered a short cry before her whole body gave way to the sudden, almost immediate pleasure of it. An inflamed woman now, she abandoned herself to her own pure voluptuousness.

A short encounter, but whose sensations were infinite, brought us both to the limit of the most frenzied ecstasy, and it was with the most brutal strokes that I filled her with my life-giving balm.

The pleasure had been too great; I was still stiff as a ramrod. I caressed her and then relighted the candle. She had her face in the pillows; her modesty had returned to her, but I drew the covers back to examine her Venus' body. There was a slight trace of blood on her cunt-hair, mixed with our sperm. I wiped her with my handkerchief, turned her round, caressed her back and her buttocks and thrust my tongue up her arse-hole.

Then I mounted her, my head buried in the perfumed waves of her hair. I girdled her body with my arm, raised her slightly and plunged home my John Thomas into her moist slit again. A long battle ensued during which we perspired through every pore in our bodies. Shouting like a mad woman, she was the first to reach the climax. Mine felt so good that it almost hurt. That was enough; we separated.

* * *

For several weeks I amused myself in various ways. Mr. Franck was courting my aunt more and more assiduously. One day, Elise and my aunt came into my room in tears. They were pregnant. But neither dared say in the other's presence that I was the guilty party. I sized up the situation quickly.

"Elise, marry Frederick, and you, auntie, marry Mr. Franck. I'll be your best man."

On the morning of the following day the door opened and Ursula entered. She also was pregnant. I advised her to marry the bailiff's cousin who'd been making cow's eyes at her, and I promised to stand as godfather to her child. Then I undressed her and licked around her cunt and buttocks. I washed myself with eau-de-cologne and had her lick my arse, which trick so excited me that I fucked her with a gusto that made her hair tremble on the bed.

These marriages soon took place. All's well that ends well, and I continued sleeping with the members of my harem, each in her turn. Each knew what I was doing with the others and they were all sympathetic.

Ursula soon gave birth to a boy, and shortly afterwards Elise and my aunt to girls. I became godfather to Ursula's Roger, Elise's little Louise and my aunt's little Anna on the same day, all children of the same father, though they will never know it.

I trust that I shall have many more, and in doing so I shall be fulfilling my patriotic duty, that of increasing my country's population.

THE END

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